Inv. XXVIII. 1. 2. 80

For myn owne ware
I tell the syr in preuyte
The kynges men shall loke to me
A thousande pounde and mare
Oweth he moch the in this countre
What syluer shall they pay the
For goddes holy are
Syth thou arte neyghbour myne
I wyll my nedes do and thyne
Therof haue thou no care
Syr he sayd be sayn̄te Edmounde
Ye they owe thre pounde
And od two shyllynge
A shyrke I haue to wytnes
Of halyll I wene it is
I haue no other thynge
And yf thou do as thou me be hote
I shall gyue to the a cote
Without ony dwellynge
Seuen shyllynge to morowe day
Whan I am lerned of my pay
Gramercy sayd the kynge
Now tell me what is thy name
That I for the bere no blame
And where thy wonnynge is
Syr he sayd so mote I the
Adam the shepherde men calleth me
For certayne soth I wys
I was I borne in orton
Had not thy fader hochon
Allo haue thou blysse

No by my fay ſayd the kynge
I wene thou knoweſt me nothynge
Thou redeſt all a myſſe
My fader was a walſſhe knyght
Dame Iſabel my moder hyght
For ſoth I tell the
In the caſtell was her dwellynge
Through the commaundmente of ꝑ kyng
That ſhe ſholde ther be
Now thou woteſt where I was borne
The other Edwarde here by forne
Full well he loued me
Sertaynly I wyll not fayle
Some tyme I lyued by marchaundy
And paſt well oft the ſe
I haue a ſone is with the quene
He may do more than other .x.
That dare I ſothly ſay
And he pray her of a bone
And it be nede full for to done
She wyll not ons ſay nay
And in the courte I haue ſuch a frende
I ſhall be ſerued or that I wende
Without ony delay
To morowe we at vndyrn com ſpeke with me
And thou ſhalte be ſerued of thy money
Longe or hye myddaye
Syr for ſaynte Tomas of ynde
Where about ſhall I the fynde
And what ſhall I the call
My name is he ſayd Joly Robyn

Eche man knoweth me well a fyne
Both in bower and eke in hall
Pray the porter as he is fre
That he doth the speke with me
So fayre mote hym be fall
For out warde shall I not be
Some where in the ye courte ye shalte me se
Within the castell wall
For the and other that lese theyr thynge
Full ofte syth ye curs our kynge
And he be not to blame
It be other that doth the dede
That were worthy so good me spede
Therfore to have grete shame
And I wyst whche they were
It sholde come the kynges ere
By god and by sayte Jame
For so they sholde anye
That doth theyr worde such velanye
For he bereth all the same
Tho answered he to the kynge
Syr be saynt Tomas of ynde
Thou sayest ther of full well
They done but good the kynges men
They are worse than such ten
That be with hym no dele
They gone about by seven and ten
And done the hosbondes mech pyne
That care full is theyr mele
They take theyr gees capons and hen
And all that they may cape and ren

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